Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, November 8, 1917 Number 10

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

MASTERY

I would not have a god come in
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights;
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Wind blown and nearly beaten out;
Rather the terror of the nights
And long, sick groping after doubt;
Rather be lost than let my soul
Slip vaguely from my own control—
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole though feeble mastery.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

From "Love Songs," published by Macmillan Company, New York.

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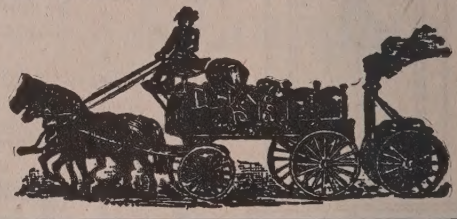

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1917 NUMBER 10

THE NEIGHBOR LIGHT.

There's someone sick across the way—
I see the anxious lights
Flame in the windows which are gray
Thus late on other nights.

My heart flies through the dark with fear
And kneels before their door;
These strangers now seem very near,
Whom I scarce knew before.

And lest, perchance, they lift a blind
To urge the dawn be fleet,
And lest their anguished eyes but find
The mute, uncaring street,

I'll set my lamp and let its ray
Shine brightly for their sake;—
A little neighbor light to say
That I, too, am awake.

—*Claire Wallace Flynn.*

Woman's Home Companion, October.

The Y. M. C. A. College of Chicago reports having sent within thirty days 231 men to the military encampments, being 20 per cent of enrollment.

The Sixth National Council on Housing recently held in Chicago is reported the largest and best ever convened in America. Among the facts disclosed were that within eight square miles of the heart of Chicago 14,882 cases of tuberculosis were found, and that an intensive study of the field shows that only one in five cases is reported. This would make a total of 60,482 cases found in this territory.

Edgar D. Brinkerhoff of Fall River, Massachusetts, has had his "Constitution for the United States of the Earth" put to its third edition. It is too early in the day to discuss details. Enough to know that a preliminary attempt is being made, no matter how crude it may be or what qualities it has yet to embody. Sufficient is the hopeful fact that the discussion is on and the printing begun. Foolish is the man who laughs at such a venture. Only the backward looking and backward moving human crayfish will dismiss such a dream with a sneer or close the question with the word "Impossible." The word rather should be "Inevitable."

The Reverend Newton Ben Knapp of Unity Church, Hinsdale, Ill., in the *Unitarian Advance* for November has an article on "Romain Rolland—A Messenger for the Times," which we wish we might have room to print in full, but for the present we can only commend its reading by all fair minded people. Of his great novel, Jean Christophe, which won the Nobel prize for Literature in 1915, he says:

> Before the war broke out it was said this novel had done more to bring about an understanding by each other of these two nations than all the banquets, parties and plans of the diplomats.

UNITY profoundly believes in the uses of dark things. There is such a thing as *overruling* Providence. What a mighty revelation of latent powers, of utilized resources has this hysteria of war brought forth. The drive for liberty bonds, the Red Cross activities, the knitting and canning, the marching and the combining all reveal the undeveloped resources in human nature. Never again will the arguments of impecuniosity, hard times, no money, "too many calls" and all such obtain as they have in the past in the homes of the rich or the haunts of the favored. Must it always be that only dire physical danger and the passing inspirations of patriotism will bring into action these benignant resources of human nature?

The November number of *Our Dumb Animals* may be called a dog number. Red Cross dogs, Alaskan dogs, dogs drawing sanitary and munition cars, Rufus, the water carrier of the desert who saved many lives, the dog as the guardian of children, and the dog who found and saved his master, the wounded soldier, are among the pictures. We never liked the sinister remark of the man who said, "The more I see of men, the better I like the dog," but we do like Galsworthy's statement, "The dog is by far the nearest thing to man on earth, the one link we have spiritually with the animal creation."

The Open Air Smile is the winning name of a winsome sheet published monthly by the McCormick Fresh Air Fund, 315 Plymouth Court, Chicago. The little paper represents the various schools in Chicago providing special accommodations for the tubercularly threatened. A right smiling sheet it is. The issue for October is before us. With its bright illustrations of Eskimo clad Chicago children amid the fruits and flowers cultivated by themselves, this number is made particularly attractive by the news of the Open Air School graduates now doing vigorous work in the army and navy. Thus countless boys and girls in successful relays are snatched from weakness and death and restored to health and efficiency by just fresh air and good food, the first of which is available

everywhere in unlimited quantities; the second of which ought to be made available to everybody if the game of life were only played fairly and efficiently.

The Unitarian Advance for November, while believing that John Haynes Holmes's personal views as to pacifism do not represent "the views of the majority of us," pronounces the address a noble one and states:

> It was not only eloquent but it was pre-eminently sane. Mr. Holmes' personal views as to pacifism are not the views of the majority of us. But the spirit and message of that address at Montreal was significantly representative of Unitarianism at its best and a graphic illustration of the logical Unitarian way of seeing and doing things.
>
> * * *
>
> We believe that just the thing which our Unitarian gospel embodies was so signally illustrated by this striking address that it is sure to stand out as an element not to be forgotten in our processes of denominational self-finding in this crisis of religious testing. And this we say, not agreeing at all with Mr. Holmes' personal gospel of pacifism.
>
> * * *

The same paper believes that—

> No greater folly could be consummated by the American people than would be involved in the expulsion of Senator LaFollette from the national Senate. Incidentally, we believe that, mischievous though he may be, he is not the most mischievous personality in American affairs by any means.
>
> * * *
>
> LaFollette in the Senate doing his most exasperating worst is less harmful to our cause than LaFollette martyrized in the cause of free speech.

Professor Edward A. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, has the great misfortune in these days of a name of Germanic spelling. In spite of the shallow suspicion aroused by the name which unfortunately affects many who are otherwise sane, Dr. Steiner rings true forever in his patriotism to the United States as the land of promise and the hope of democracy. Last Sunday evening in a speech before the Sunday Evening Club in Orchestra Hall of this city he said, according to the *Chicago Tribune* of the next morning, "When any nation gets to the point where it says, 'We are the people' it is on the road to extinction. Nations die from selfishness. If this country of ours ever dies it will die from Halsted Street up and from the North Shore district down. There will be no strength among us either during peace or war unless we are all the time a united people. We must be held together by the living hope of justice for all elements that constitute our national life." This is an interesting echo of the far-off address of Abraham Lincoln, who in his boyish effort, one of the earliest recorded, said in an address on "The Dangers of our Republic," before a Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield, "If we die, we die from suicide." The title of Dr. Steiner's address was "Cultivating Life in a Great Crisis." There is no cultivation of life that does not recognize the central fact that life is a spiritual potency, a thing of mind, a quality of heart, and that the greatest thing in life is Love.

The Rosenberg Library of Galveston, Texas, Frank C. Patton, librarian, is one of the model institutions in our land. Library students, particularly friends in search of ideas, may well turn their faces westward and find light in far-off Texas. The November bulletin devotes three pages to the "Luther Quadricentennial of the Reformation" and announces on exhibition a valuable loan collection by German pastors settled in Texas, which includes old book prints, woodcuts, remarkable samples of early engraving, a traveler's guide to the city of Rome printed from wood blocks in 1482, a newspaper giving an account of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, 1572, an original copy of Melanchthon's works beautifully bound in leather, and much more of the same kind, curious, instructive and inspiring. Ten biographies, five different editions of Luther's works, eleven histories of the Reformation are named among the books to be loaned. We have not heard of any such collection yet made in Chicago; but doubtless it and Boston, New York and Philadelphia are in line. Has this study of four hundred years of Protestantism any light to throw on the present collapse of Christianity and democracy and reliance on spiritual force?

Elsa Wertheim, Special Officer for Juvenile Occupations of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, has issued in attractive form a report on "Chicago Children in the Street Trades." It unfolds a story that reflects little credit upon the schools, the churches and the "prosperity makers" of the city. We are told that figures of juvenile delinquency in the United States prove that the majority of the youthful offenders are child laborers, generally employed in the city street trades. Child crime it is authoritatively stated is greatly increased by the war in Europe and a similar increase is threatened in the United States. Six hundred and sixty boys and girls in the street trades have been investigated by the Association. In a close inquiry into three hundred cases chosen at random only nineteen per cent of the child's earnings represented a "needed item in family maintenance." It was found that these street trades were closely connected with mendicancy, trickery and lawbreaking. "Interrupted Education," "Late Hours," "Night Street Trades," "Runaways" are reported. Runaways are found in Chicago from all parts of the country, from California to New York. A little Italian boy who had run away from Buffalo "wept intermittently for several days." A "port for missing boys" was found under a sidewalk. The story of degradation, physical and spiritual, is heart-breaking. The revelations are startling and indisputable and the remedy is clear. There are ordinances enough on the statute books of the city and State to wipe out this

disgrace. It only needs officers who will live up to their oaths, and a municipal administration above political corruption and party bosses. The Juvenile Court and its assistants are doing much, preachers, philanthropy, clubs and right-minded men and women are doing much, but they are all powerless in the face of a complacent city administration, a corrupted police and voters who put party qualifications above efficiency, and disassociate politics from religion. This little pamphlet of a dozen pages should be read by every preacher in Chicago and then used as material for a sermon on the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Chicago is perhaps the youngest of the world's great cities, but it is old enough to have the third oldest theatre in America. "McVickers" is this week celebrating its sixtieth anniversary, a Philadelphia and a Boston theatre alone exceeding it in years. It is fitting that it should recall the names of the great artists that have not only swayed the multitudes with high emotions, but contributed to the refinement and culture of this growing giant of the Mississippi Valley, Edwin Booth, Jefferson, Rossi, Nielson, Cushman, Barrett, Forrest, Irving, Ellen Terrey and the rest, were Chicago builders all of them because they were citizens of the world. Such are the only adequate artists to shape the spiritual walls of a great metropolis. A city, however large, ceases to be metropolitan when it fails to be cosmopolitan. But McVickers has been more to Chicago than a great theatre, worthily named after the founder, who was himself an actor of no mean part and a lover of high art. Mr. McVicker gave to Chicago a great free platform. For nearly a quarter of a century it was his Sabbath day contribution of a free religious platform. The Peoples' Church, led by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, was his guest through a notable career. Dr. Thomas made Christianity and democracy synonymous. At his feet sat weekly humble toilers from shop and factory alongside of poets and philosophers who interpreted religion in terms of social helpfulness, academic freedom and independent politics Hiram W. Thomas, like the other great artists in his day and generation, wrought mightily for love and justice on the McVickers stage. He with his colleagues has passed not only out of sight, but alas to a great degree out of mind. How quickly the ungrateful generations forget their leaders and liberators. But his record is safely written in the story of the nobler Chicago. Every institution for the betterment of children, of woman's life and the business integrities of the city is immeasurably indebted to him. He was a leader along all these lines. Above all he was a peace man, one of the founders and the first president of the Chicago Peace Society, under whose administration there was no temporizing with *present* conditions, because he dealt with eternal principles. The principles of peace he stood for were not conditioned by the *times* but founded in the everlasting constitution of the universe.

What the Pacifist Is Not!

II.

The pacifist, like other human beings, is undoubtedly a great many things that are reprehensible. But one thing of all others, he is *not*. The pacifist is not a *coward*.

This charge, of course, is easily made, in view of the pacifist's persistent refusal to recognize, applaud and participate in the so-called glories of warfare. To those persons who can find no explanation of any unusual opinion or action so plausible as that of ignoble motive, nothing can be more manifest than the cowardice of the pacifist. He is afraid that he will have to march to the front, or send his son to the front, afraid that he will have to meet the perils of battle; afraid that he will have to suffer pain or injury; afraid, above all things else, of death! This is the reason why the pacifist is an opponent of war, as a means of settling international disputes. Pathologically, he is a neurotic who shrinks instinctively from personal hazard or exposure. Ethically, he is simply a coward!

From the theoretical point of view, this doctrine sounds not altogether unreasonable, even though ungenerous. But what becomes of it when it is tested by the actual facts of experience? Pacifists—cowards? What about the Quaker boys of England who, exempted by law from military service, have voluntarily gone upon the mine-sweepers and trawlers patroling the infested waters of the Irish and North Seas, and there amid storm and cold and lurking enemies have made the ocean pathways safe for commerce? What about those other Quaker boys who have entered the ambulance service in France, and entering No Man's Land unarmed and unprotected, have gladly laid down their lives to give succor to the wounded and decent burial to the dead? What about the four thousand and more conscientious objectors in English prisons, who have suffered incarceration, defamation, torture, indescribable indignities and persecutions for conscience's sake—all without complaint or bitterness of spirit? And what about the men and women everywhere today who have taken not merely their lives, but their treasured friendships and priceless reputations, in their hands, and given them all for their ideals? These men cowards? Liebknecht, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Jane Addams, cowards? Fools, simpletons, even traitors, they may be. But cowards—never! These have dared all, nor been

afraid. The courage of the trenches is true courage—I would be the last to deny it. But this courage is of a coarser texture and therefore cheaper grade than the courage which glorifies the soul of such pacifists as I have named.

It is time that this slander of cowardice, like that of pro-Germanism, should be silenced forthwith. Or perhaps, alas, it is *not* true! For the war-fever, like fever of every kind, tends fast towards madness and delirium. But the time, if not now at hand, will surely come. Not forever must reproach lie upon those who see the truth and dare maintain it. Some day the pacifist will be seen as he is, and not least among his virtues will be the fact that he was unafraid!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Value of Free Churches

To many the question of belief or creed is a matter of little concern. They drift along without any guiding principle in their lives. They have no philosophy of life. Their actions are almost entirely determined by circumstances. Even their morality is the result of the pressure of public opinion. They do not break the ordinary rules of social conduct not because of any convictions of their own in regard to personal duty but because they are bound by the invisible bands of social custom.

The virtue of these men is negative and not positive. They are not morally free men. They are slaves to custom. If the custom is good they follow it. If it is bad they give it the same unfaltering allegiance. As a result they perpetuate what is good and what is evil in our inheritance from the past. Social progress does not rest with these.

At the very heart of Liberal Religion is the insistence of moral freedom. Here is the call to men to dare to be free. This freedom does not mean license. It means that men must find for themselves the moral law. It affirms that it is only the free man that can distinguish between the social custom that is evil and the one that is bad. This choice is possible because the individual has won for himself a sense of responsibility for his own action. He sees that he is only a really human being in the highest sense as he directs the course of his own conduct. This involves always a capacity to formulte his own faith, to work out his own philosophy of life and to make his own statement of belief. This same freedom he grants to every other man.

This does not lead to chaos as many fear but rather to intelligent and sympathetic co-operation. In the differences of opinion there is the opportunity for comparison, and thus there comes about an enlargement of thought and life. But this is only possible when men formulate for themselves their own interpretation of life. Unless this is done there can be no comparison and therefore no progress. For it is in the statement of well-defined differences that we are able to separate the true from the false. All faiths come out of the experiences of life and must be in the end tested in the furnaces of life. This can only be done by free men.

It is important to develop and state your own faith. But it is equally important to hold that faith in freedom. If a man holds to a creed and refuses to admit into his own thought the creed of another; if he holds his "statement of faith" as a finality, then he has shut the door on the future and bound himself to his own thought. He is as truly enslaved as he who is bound to social custom. This is the danger that confronts all who have broken the chains which bound them to a dead past and held them out of contact with that living past which is in every present time.

Intoxicated with their new freedom men who have broken out of bondage are all too inclined to worship their own creations. They fail to see what was true and helpful in the past and shut their eyes to discoveries of other free souls. In so doing they bar themselves from those associations which would enable them to test and prove their own conclusions. Alone they run off on tangents that lead far from the curve of human progress. They become popes of churches that may have only one member and become intolerant of all that are without the fold.

The value of a liberal church lies in the fact that while it affirms the right and duty of every man to seek God for himself and to record on the tablets of his own heart his statement of faith, it also gives the opportunity for the comparison of thought and aspiration. The meeting of free souls on a basis of equality in the search for truth is now as it ever has been the condition of the outflowing of the spirit of God.

These churches of free spirits must be, if they are true to themselves and their high calling, centers of life and light to mankind. They have set before themselves high ideals, ideals that are most difficult of attainment. Their value depends on the loyalty of their members to these ideals. Fellowship with those with whom we are in agreement is comparatively an easy task. But to preserve fellowship in the face of grave differences is a task worthy of the most courageous men and women. And yet this is the very condition of all spiritual progress. By conforming to it we will give meaning and power to our free churches.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Who Whipped Herbert Bigelow?

Clearly the perpetrators of this awful outrage were no cowards. Their masked condition witnessed to the fact that they knew they were defying the law and inviting severe punishment. As clearly, they were conscientious. Men do not outrage their own sense of courtesy and visit such pain upon fellow beings, except when swayed by strong passion and backed by what for the time being seems a clear conscience. Clearly again these persons were swayed by patriotic considerations. These perpetrators, who ever they may be, were not vindicating an outraged dignity on their own part. They were not avenging personal wrongs or family insult as is generally the case with such law breakers.

These men thought that they were doing the nation a service, that they were "promoting the cause of democracy," "vindicating the dignity of the nation," or what not?

The free-booters treated this honorable man, this respected citizen of Ohio, a national figure, a minister of the gospel against whom there is no reproach, as though he were an enemy to society, a foe to good order, a traitor to the nation. And this conviction was well grounded in the minds of those indiscriminating and believing readers of the public press. These men represented that stage of development which renders them victims of oratory, blind believers in vehement rhetoric when exploited by men of prominence. These men represented that stage of development which "believes the newspapers," particularly the "leading dailies." They took Clarence Darrow, Ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft and Secretary McAdoo of the cabinet at their word. These speakers and their associates have swayed shouting thousands by their denunciations of the men of whom the Reverend Mr. Bigelow is a conspicuous type. They have said that "pacifists" were "sneaks," "cowards," "traitors," etc. They have heaped upon Rev. Herbert Bigelow, pastor of the Peoples Church of Cincinnati, the vile epithets that belong only to the enemies of righteousness, the foes of human interest.

These conspicuous orators have been echoed by thousands of would-be representatives of the Prince of Peace throughout the land, from their "sacred desks" on days dedicated to worship; they have denounced such men as Mr. Bigelow as being covered with the "slime of pacifism," although he stands among those to whom the Master they worship has given his verdict: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God!"

These men who whipped one of the foremost citizens of Ohio, a constitution maker, a leader of thought, are not alone. Most of the conspicuous indignities to law and order perpetrated in these trying days have come from those who affect to be the guardians of the law. Men in the uniform of the United States and carrying the policemen's outfit led the riot in Boston. The governors of four great states, sworn to maintain the federal Constitution and to enforce the *"laws"* of those states, anticipated violence from the "peacemakers," and so hastened violently to deny them the privilege of public speech. One of them at least mobilized his soldiers to punish a crime that had not been committed and was never contemplated.

If these whippers believed the papers they read, they, still living on the low level of shot-gun ethics, were fully justified in taking the "law" into their own hands. The saddest thing about the whole transaction is not the indignity offered to an honest American citizen by flaming "patriots," still less the injury to a human body, but that the whole thing should have been so complacently received by the "press" that claims to reflect public opinion. Then there is the still sadder silence, the ominous silence, maintained by the "men of the gospel." There are honorable exceptions: Secretary Baker of the War Department, Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration, Senator Robert M. LaFollette, have spoken in no uncertain terms. The President is yet to be heard from. Senators of Ohio and all the other law makers of the nation, the leaders of the great political parties on the eve of the autumnal elections, have not as yet been heard from in regard to this national disgrace.

Perhaps it is still more sad that, so far as the present writer knows, the great woman host, led by the suffrage leaders, the colleges, the fashionable clubs, the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the nation's defenders have not been heard from, in any choral fashion.

The act was brutal, a refinement of the spirit gone wrong that has been revealed in lynchings of black men in the United States and of Jews in Russia for the last fifty years.

But let the blame rest where it belongs. These leaders of violent judgment, these perpetrators of unjustifiable insults to individuals, lie back of the deluded masked figures in Kentucky. The crowning insult was offered to spirit before the lash was laid on the bare back. We can get nowhere in these much troubled times until we begin to be just to those who differ from us. The very essence of the much hated Prussianism is the indignity offered to the individual judgment and conscience by an outside power that is unfair. Real patriotism will seek to establish the reign of righteous judgment which cannot be obtained except by a recognition of the essential sincerity of those who seriously differ on great issues and are willing to make great sacrifices for their conviction. The brotherhood of sincerity survives trenches, barb-wire defenses and the lives divided by creed, party, nationality and patriotic suspicions and antagonisms.

J. LL. J.

Frances E. Willard Day in the Public Schools

There was no companionship that Frances Willard found more congenial than that of the child. It would have delighted her to know that when she had passed on to the other world her memory was to be kept fragrant in the minds of the little people through the observance one school day in the year of what should be known as Frances Willard Day; when through exercises and instruction the boys and girls should be told of her great life work and urged "to enact against the drink habit a prohibitory law for one—that one himself—and to declare that law constitutional in the supreme court of his own judgment and enforce it by the executive of his own will."

Already eight states have Temperance Days, all except two, North Dakota and Alabama, named after Frances E. Willard. In Tennessee, Kansas, Oregon, North Dakota, Missouri and South Dakota, this annual observance has been established by act of the legislature. Missouri is the only license state that has taken such action. In Alabama and New Mexico the state boards of education arranged for the observance of the day. The popular time of the year for this celebration is the fall, somewhere near Miss Willard's birthday in September. Kansas celebrated it last month. Oregon is planning for an enthusiastic observance on October 26. The current number of the Oregon *Teachers' Monthly* calls special attention to it by a life sketch of Miss Willard. Tennessee is to observe the fourth Friday in October and is securing the co-operation of all public school teachers to make it a notable occasion.

The October number of the *Temperance Educational Quarterly* contains an extended program for Temperance Day in the public schools, prepared by Mrs. Edith Smith Davis, World's and National Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction. It can be secured in leaflet form from the National W. C. T. U. Publishing House, Evanston, Ill., at five cents a copy. —*The Union Signal.*

IN MEMORIAM

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE, POET.

Within the hollow of the hand of God
Lie all his gathered years, so few, so few,
And all the happy meadows where he trod
Are blind with dew, blind with white tears of dew.

He took Life's empty chalice and he filled
Its emptiness with poetry and song,
But now the wine of his young life is spilled,
The wine that was so sweet, so clear and strong.

The flowers who are gentle folk and wise
Have hid his secrets—they will keep them well;
The happy soul that looked out through his eyes
Has fled, the echo of a heather-bell.

Yet he will come again and sing his songs,
A swift-winged swallow, and the shifting days
Shall be the happier for these his songs,
The happier for these his artless lays.

—*James L. McLane, Jr.*

From The New Republic, Oct. 20, 1917.

THE PULPIT

Borderlands

Studies of the Besetting Mysteries from Four Recent Books

IV.

"Raymond"—Sir Oliver Lodge

A quest for deathlessness

Sermon Preached October 28, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Invariable, irresistible, ever present, ever working Father of souls, chasten our lives this morning with humility. Touch our hearts, O Father, with a sympathy born of the sense that thou art Father of us all. Quicken our minds, Father, with the thought of thine own infinity that we children of an hour, passing children of time and of earth, may find ourselves children of eternity, partakers of the everlasting love, the life that is all love. We would feel our kinship this morning with the worm that crawleth and the saints that beckon us. Help us to rise from the sweet communions of the kinships of the fireside and of the country into holy kinship with angels.

Touch us, Father, this morning with the solemnities of life, the profundities of being, the realities beneath the shifting sands. We pray, Father, for a realizing sense of the abiding brotherhood, that which not only obliterates the distinctions between continent and continent and race and race, but between time and eternity. Yea, weakness and sickness and death itself cannot keep us out of this fellowship that belongs to thy children, O thou infinite Father of us all. Amen.

I bring to this desk this morning my fourth study of "Borderlands," taken from some recent commanding books of the day: "Raymond, or Life and Death," by Sir Oliver Lodge. This is a book that could not help but make a sensation, a book that cannot help but leave something more permanent than sensation, because it is the testimony of a commanding soul. It was borne out of the strain and stress of the day. Still more is it a permanent contribution because concerned with the problems of the ages, the quest of saints, seers and sinners of all climes and times.

I said that this book commands respect because of its eminent author who can be introduced no more briefly than by quoting from the "International Who's Who" on my shelf. It says of Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge:

Scientist and educator, born June 12, 1851, Staffordshire, England. One of the great original thinkers of our age; a pioneer of wireless telegraphy; inventor of machinery for dispelling fog; prominent in physical research, with profound faith in the ultimate unity of science and religion. He has done much for the re-birth of religion in the spirit of modern criticism and scientific knowledge.

There is affixed a very short list out of the long list of his books which command attention, these books offer leadership in many of the obscure, remote and difficult departments of chemistry, physics and mathematics. Among the books quoted in this list are: "Life and Matter," a criticism of Haeckel's "Riddle," "School Teaching and School Reform," "Electrons," Revised edition of "Pioneers of Science," "The Substance of Faith Allied with Science," "Mathematics for Parents and Teachers" and "Modern Views of Matter."

I have said that this book is borne out of the strain and stress of the hour. These four hundred and more

pages are divided into three quite distinct and clearly marked parts. One is entitled the "Normal Portion," covering seventy-nine pages. It gives us a glimpse of a charming young man, a type of the many costly offerings of the nations to the terrible god of war.

Raymond, the son of Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge, was endowed with a splendid inheritance, improved by whatever English university life and ample means could give him. He stood on the threshhold of a conspicuous career in his chosen department of engineering. With others he gladly gave himself to the cause of his country and in a few short months he offered his life an unripe sacrifice in the trenches.

This first part is a charming revelation of a clean minded and pure hearted youth under the unexpected tuition of the battle line. I am one of those who have been there and know the strain of idleness as well as the strain of work, the loneliness of the over crowded camp as well as the adequate buoyancy and resiliency of the soul that rises to all conditions with cheerfulness, patience and sweetness. He lies there on the fighting line suffering from violence by guns five miles away. He tells us that he prefers to read any romance rather than anything connected with the war or daily papers. He confesses that there is a kind of thrill in the singing of the bullets but realizes that what is wanted is not a soldier but an engineer. He says he might almost enjoy himself were it not for the unpleasant sights that war is ever thrusting upon him. He rejoices in the beautiful scenery, the ample foliage, the noble avenues amid which the camp is located. He witnesses the painful slump of the soldier's mind under the continued stress where everything loses its charm and buoyancy gives way to brooding. He sends home the protests which generals might well receive lest the over drill will not only wear out the officers but break down the men.

He writes home telling how he likes his father's letters because "He gets right outside of it all and looks at things from above." He says it is very soothing reading. He sends to his mother the assurance that they have picked roses at their mess table every day. He mentions the fiddler in the Royal Artillery as being one of the living elements in the line. He speaks of one unfruitful engagement as "fairly sickening." He believed that if peace should come too suddenly it would drive many men off their heads. "I should love to come home again but I feel that I have not done my bit in this big scrap. I have not killed a man."

After the end came, his Captain writing to Sir Oliver spoke of Raymond "as always so very cheerful and willing, hard working and a bright example of what a good soldier ought to be."

The second part to which is given two hundred pages is called the "Sub-Normal Portion." Here, with the scientist's skill fully indicated, the critical attitude of the laboratories, Sir Oliver, and his family,—wife, two sons and a daughter, test the question as to the survival after death of the beloved Raymond. All the known tests of modern psychical research,—mediums, speaking, writing and table tapping—are summoned. Sometimes they meet with "revealments" and sometimes not. Repeated appointments were made with the most eminent and trustworthy mediums in London and Liverpool. They visited the mediums in their offices, who in turn visited the Lodges in their home. A Mr. Myers, a Mrs. Leonard, Katherine Kennedy and Mr. A. Vout Peters are among the mediums. Their names are used as though the reader would be well acquainted with them though scarcely introduced. One conversant with the elaborate literature of the Society for Psychical Research will doubtless find these names familiar.

A word about the Psychical Research Society of which Sir Oliver Lodge is now the most eminent living member. For over thirty years it has been carrying on "investigations." Its publications include forty painfully elaborate and detailed reports.

In Raymond's case there were the usual tests of photographs, information given that was unknown to anybody present and some known only to the family. "Mr. Jackson," a favorite peacock of the family's, the family dog and many other so called test subjects are offered in evidence. As usual the "control" seemed to run to somebody or some disembodied soul of rather low intelligence. "Feda" the most fluent and fertile control cannot pronounce the letter "R." She talks of "Yaymond." She says, "S'Oliver" rather than Sir Oliver. It is "Miss Olive" rather than Mrs. Oliver Lodge. She stumbles over three-syllabled words. They have to be spoken with great strain. One of the tests ingeniously introduced to see whether the medium could pronounce it, is the word "Honolulu." She manages to get through it. These tests came for the benefit of the most cultivated minds of England, they were speaking for a graduate of Oxford trained to high literature and fine utterance. These "mediums" seem to confine themselves largely to these outer and lower matters and to find, as I say, expression in imperfect English. This is largely a characteristic of so-called mediumistic literature. My own acquaintance with this literature has been long though not intensive. I remember reading in my pioneer days, perhaps sixty years ago, Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls On the Boundary of Another World." Through all these years I have tried to keep my mind open for "impressions," I am certainly ready for conviction and I now have no disposition to discount the conclusions of Sir Oliver Lodge and others. I can only say that it leaves me still, not a denyer, but a firsthand student. Not that I know of any other way to account for the "facts," but the revelation so far brings to me no larger vision, no new "revelation," carries to me no fresh inspiration.

There is much that is mysterious and something not encouraging to me in these "revelations." In these higher realms of intelligence we are told of a restless spirit clamoring so hard for a cigar that one was created for him out of the laboratories of the spirit. We are assured that they have laboratories that can under pressure reproduce the physical necessities of life. We are glad to learn that the withered flowers in "mother's parlor are still fresh and fragrant on the table of the disembodied son." We are glad to be assured by him that he takes no comfort in flowers laid upon graves. He says, "drape not the body with flowers but let them occupy my room at home and the sitting room." The sincerity of the "control," the difficulty ever to break through even on the lower lines is quite as might be expected according to the logic of these philosphers. There is nothing in it that disproves their argument, it is simply an element

that depresses one's conception and defeats perchance the inspirations aimed at.

In the third part which he calls, "Life and Death," this philosopher, this man of science speaks on his own account. For a hundred and sixteen pages he faces the problems involved with mind and conscience, the communications of mind into mind, suggestion, telepathy, auto-suggestion, thought transference, the questions of spirit and matter and of continuity after death. In this part I feel very much more at home. So far as my own convictions have a right to be expressed, I welcome the arguments and rejoice in the conclusions. Here I find the inspirations that come from the thought of the continuity of life, the thought of immortality. I would hitch this great thought to the potencies which have bloomed in human nature and flowered into the gracious promises of the masters of the ages in all the sciences and in all the arts.

Let Sir Oliver Lodge speak for himself, and he speaks as I believe, with an ever enlarging hope, a growing conviction. Certainly I respect the devout receptivity of the noblest minds of earth and the conclusions toward which the profoundest study seems to be arriving.

Says Sir Oliver:

I am as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. . . I shall go further and say that I am reasonably convinced of the existence of grades of being, not only lower in the scale than man but higher also, grades of every order of magnitude from zero to infinity.

He says further:

Christianity has flourished and borne fruit, but for the ills of the world itself it is almost an untried panacea.

The results of high living that should come from this inspiration and these conclusions, he implies have scarcely yet been touched by the professors of Christianity. He says,

I have been engaged for over forty years in mathematical and physical science, and for more than half that time in exploration into unusual psychical development.

* * * *

I have at length and quite gradually become convinced, after more than thirty years of study, not only that persistent individual existence is a fact, but that occasional communication across the chasm—with difficulty and under definite conditions—is possible. . . I call upon the educated, the younger generation to refrain from accepting assertion without severe scrutiny, and above all to keep the open mind.

* * * *

The Universe is a flux, it is a becoming, it is progress. Evolution is a reality. . .

There are grades of existence, stretching upward and upward to all eternity; and God Himself, through His agents and messengers, is continually striving and working and planning, so as to bring this creation of His through its preparatory labour and pain, and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known.

In 1913 Sir Oliver Lodge was president of the British Association, which I suppose is the highest honor that can come to a man of science, a chair which I believe is offered only once in a lifetime and then by careful selection from the most competent. To call the roll of the presidents of the British Association for the Promotion of Science is to call the roll of the eminent men of science since the organization of that society many years ago.

The "President's Address" is looked forward to as the latest, most highly specialized utterance of science for the year, always of course on the special line to which the president himself has devoted his ability. Sir Oliver took for the theme of his address at Birmingham in 1913, then with his mind undisturbed by the personal losses or the agitations of war, what he called the "new word" in physics, "Continuity." This new word he introduces as one with which chemists and all scientists must deal; something more than the indestructibility, with which previous scientists had dealt. This "Continuity" of force is something going forever, something everywhere pushing, irresistible and unbroken. A belief in this ultimate continuity he regards as essential to science.

He quotes Bertrand Russell as saying that,

The kernel of scientific outlook is the refusal to regard our own desires, tastes, interests as a key to the understanding of the world.

In this lecture he speaks of conservation of matter as the mainmast of Nineteenth Century chemistry.

The electrical theory of matter is the physical discovery of the twentieth century.

Incidentally he says,

Denial is no more infallible than assertion.

He quotes Tyndall: "I discover in matter the promise and potency of all forms of life."

He says, We may not know our destiny but we must have a destiny of some sort.

And he says in that lecture to the eminent men of English science that he believes that "The psychic region can be studied and brought under law."

I must say with the utmost brevity, that already the facts examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence—nothing new or sensational, but cumulative and demanding prolonged serious study—to my mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps etherial, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent.

* * * *

The Universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures.

* * * *

Religion has its roots deep in the heart of humanity. . . We are deaf and blind to the Immanent Grandeur, unless we have insight enough to recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God.

A word for myself. After such careful study as I have been able to give, with such open mind as I have been able to bring to the study, I am free to confess to you as I have so often confessed before in this presence that my apprehension of continuity is more profound than my argument. I am a better believer than a disputer. All this outward trellis of "manifestation" and "revelations" I have no disposition to deny. I have no better theory or explanation to offer. I am open to conviction.

But evidently conviction in these directions must be individual. No "proofs" have come to me so satisfying as the old fashioned "Intimations" to use Wordsworth's high word. The inequalities of this life, the waste of force, nay the injustice to the individual in a thwarted and broken career in a universe so well balanced and so economic, leads me to rest in an expectation more satisfying than any "proof." I rest in

the thought of an ordered universe, in the confidence that there is a meaning and purpose in life. I believe in the coherence of nature and in the profound reality of the human nature upon which I dwelt last week.

Sir Oliver Lodge's book is one more "intimation" that human nature is made for bigger things than this life of force, this world of matter; it is built upon a foundation upon which eternity may build and for which time is inadequate.

Engineers of St. Louis bored through a hundred feet of sediment and more until they reached the solid rock, an adequate foundation upon which to build a bridge, the purpose of which was not to convey market wagons and wheel-barrows, but to bear the weight of trans-continental freights. Thundering trains were to pass over it. The special tests made before it could be accepted from the hands of the engineers, required that the four or more railway tracks which connect Missouri with Illinois should be packed tight from shore to shore with the heaviest locomotives to be found and then with delicate instruments they sought the sag; how much *give* there was to the bridge. It stood the test and is standing the test today.

So human nature is founded deep beneath the sediment of daily haste and hurry, fathoms below the accumulations of corruption or the babel of human lips. And on that deep foundation, I read the promise of growth that reaches beyond the short span of earthly years. Here we have built the basement stories scarcely above the water line. I anticipate the further building, a rising of the superstructure. But do not ask for details, the "when" and "how," or "where" or "what," or you will scare me off from my confidences. I am never so doubtful of immortality as when I am challenged to give my "evidence" or when another's "evidence" is thrust upon me as conclusive. Who am I to predicate the unknown and to fathom the unfathomed possibilities of soul.

I know that here within my body, all unknown to me, there is going on at the present time a process of assimilation and change in this stomach laboratory that converts the bread and meat I ate for breakfast into red blood flowing steadily into this other laboratory of brain working as unconsciously and as subtly as my stomach. The elaborations of brain are as elusive and unconscious as are the elaborations of kidneys and spleen and lung, so when Mr. Peters or Mrs. Leonard or "Feda," the illiterate "control," come to me with messages how can I know but what this fountain that breeds thought and force and hope may have been tapped somewhere below the line of consciousness, just as science may tap the organs of my body below the line of my physical consciousness and draw forth samples of the product thereof.

Yes, I am a better believer than debater. Robert Browning, in his great discussion of the question in "La Saisiaz," took five facts for granted: God, soul, earth, heaven, hell; reward and punishment. He says, "At least I believe in soul and I am very sure of God." This is an adequate creed for my need and an adequate foundation for my hope. It is my mission, as I interpret it, to deserve the immortality I cannot prove, to keep on building course after course the structure for which the Eternal in ways I know not of has laid an adequate foundation.

A young Harvard student two generations ago was asked by his professor to write a class exercise on the history of the doctrine of the future life. The essay was due in two weeks. It came in due time but unwittingly upon that scholarly mind was thrust his life's work, and so edition after edition, book after book followed until he reached in 1860, the date of the last edition in my library, a massive volume of seven hundred pages. Closely printed in small type and affixed to it is a bibliography of the problem of immortality of 5,300 titles of works on immortality and kindred subjects compiled by the greatest librarian then living, or who has ever lived in the United States, Ezra Abbott. Still the story is incomplete.

Theodore Parker predicated an universal religion or the universalities of religion, because he found in all religions these three things, these fundamental inspirations: The thought of God, the thought of the immortal life and the sense of duty. These are my lures to immortality.

On the burial day of Charles Sumner, William R. Alger, the historian of immortality of whom I have just spoken, said to Emerson: "Where is Charles Sumner today? We know where we have laid his body." Emerson's reply was, "I am so surprised to find myself in this world that I cannot but believe that the power which gave me this surprise has another surprise in store for me."

A little later Mr. Alger met the poet Whittier. To him he addressed the same question, "Mr. Whittier, where is Charles Sumner now?" Whittier's reply is at least as old as Plato and as profound as human nature. He said, "I cannot think of myself as ceasing to exist, how much less can I think of such a potency as Charles Sumner ceasing to exist?"

"Arguments?" No. "Intimations?" Yes. "Proofs?" No. "Consolations?" Yes, infinite.

But there are some specific conclusions that are safe to affirm in the face of these "revelations" of the Psychical Research Society, in the face of the guesses of these eager souls, reinforced by phenomena which to me is conclusive.

Whatever there is of future in store for us, I for one do not ask, and if allowed me would not accept, an immortality by the "skin of my teeth," so to speak. I am not going to swing into immortal life on a text if the interpretation of that text means that other creatures like myself will miss the immortality or that my immortal bliss is purchased at the cost of another's immortal woe. I do not want a "Christian" immortality. I do not want immortality unless the gates of life are to swing ever toward eternity and to swing open to all striving life to which God has given existence. I do not want a thought of immortality that permits the nurture in my heart of hatred toward any living thing. If a disembodied spirit means anything, and it does mean much to me, it means an escape from passion and hatred, a release from the physical forces that are based low in the subhuman strata of life. As I have escaped here on earth from the claw and the fang, have risen here in time above much cruelty, until at least at times my life is not dependent upon violence, so in the ever green fields of the eternal life life must also rise on the wings of thought and love

and faith, to a larger life beyond the limitations of wealth and greed, of class and caste and creeds.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And so I welcome this last of my four studies of "Borderland Revelations."

During these last four Sundays we have walked with Wells through the pain and agony of the hour into the presence of an "Invisible King," working now and here. Then we accompanied poor William H. Davies on his doleful tramp excursions, beset with temptations, hobbling in weakness, befuddled with drink, until at last he reached the deeper fountain of life and put into song the poet's peace and poise. Last week we climbed the hills of Switzerland and made acquaintance with Romain Rolland as he interpreted for us heroism in terms of internationalism; loyalty in terms of service. In his exile he gives us hope in the better day that is to come through reason and justice. Today we have spent our morning with this man of science, the eminent student and interpreter of the atom, a prophet of the molecule, whose work is so subtle and remote that although I have read his books I cannot grasp his conclusions except here and there.

With these four, "best sellers" of the booksellers, we have stood on the borderlands where flowers are most abundant, on the borderlands where new things appear and the old things remain.

But the land of the spirit knows no boundaries, cannot be surveyed any more than can the power of love be measured.

In closing may I glance back at the literature that has inspired us. Milton sang the measures of "Lycidas" as he grieved over his colleague, Edward King. Shelley rose to the beauty of "Epipsychidon" by the grave of Keats. Matthew Arnold sang his noble "Thyrsus" in commemoration of his comrade Arthur Hugh Clough. Emerson, with his heart bleeding for the "Hyacinthine Boy," wrote his "Threnody," from which I read the opening lines this morning. The death of Arthur Hallam led Tennyson into the mystic beautiful measures of "In Memoriam" and in "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" Whitman sang his great tribute to Lincoln. Robert Browning conceived his great poem, containing his affirmations of immortality, "La Saisiaz," looking down from the Swiss highlands on to the little cemetery that contained the newly made grave of Miss Anne Edgerton Smith, his long time friend, and Sir Oliver Lodge has tried to relieve the far-flung agony of mother hearts, to soften the shock of countless homes by summoning from the other shore the spirit of the beautiful boy Raymond.

Emerson's great address on immortality has a story which I must give because it is so pertinent. He tells us that there were once engaged in the United States Senate Lewis Cass and Albert Tracy, men of thought and culture, and in the midst of their duties as Senators of the United States they were wont to meet often and engage in lengthy converse about the deep things of the soul. Immortality was the favorite theme for their consultation and conversation. Their lines fell apart and for twenty-five years they did not see each other. At last at a great reception in the White House they met again and recognized each other through the glass doors. Gradually they reached each other, clasped hands, shook heartily, looked into one another's eyes. "Any later news, Albert?" "No," said Lewis. "Have you any later light?" said Albert. "No." They shook hands again and separated with no further conversation.

We all stand on the margin of an infinite universe. Let us hope in the silence rather than be lured into the frivolous gabble of superficial disputes. We are on the BORDERLAND. Let us try to realize what that means.

In the thought of infinity, Father, in the conscious presence of the eternal life we would go forth to live more reverently and loyally, so that even now we may be conscious of our citizenship in heavenly realms. Amen.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Sympathy of Religions*

Many years ago T. W. Higginson gave a lecture before the Free Religious Association to which he gave this title, his aim being to show that all religions are fundamentally the same in origin, that they are all the outgrowth of man's intuitive capacities, and that in their essential ideas and ethical purposes they are of near kin to each other. This sympathy or fellowship of the world's religions has been widely accepted since this lecture was delivered in Boston, and it is recognized as necessary to the comprehension of what is best in religion and in each of the great world faiths. This idea has now been taken as the subject of the concluding volume in a series of works designed for the religious education of the young. To some who are not Unitarians this series appeals as the best course of graded books for the purpose for which it is designed.

The purpose of Dr. Dodson's book is to show what is best in the greater of the world religions; namely, Christianity, the religion of Greece, and the religions of India, Hinduism and Buddhism. He gives no attention to Judaism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, or to various other minor religions. He finds that what is best in Christianity is love of God and love of man, and its manifestation in noble human lives. The best in the religion of Greece is love of the divine, as especially interpreted in the works of Plato. What is best in the religions of India is presented in the writings of Tagore, whose teaching is that at the heart of things is a spirit, a life, which is also love, beauty, and joy. An introductory section of the book sets forth the reasons for seeking the best in all regions as most truly representative of them, and why it is not desirable to follow the methods of study suggested by the evolution of religion and of religions. A concluding chapter gives a brief survey of the earlier phases of religious development, as seen in the more primitive forms of belief and worship. On the whole, the book must prove a helpful one for individual reading or for class study, and may be accepted as the best work of the kind now accessible.

It may be questioned whether the method followed in this book is the best which could be devised for the

*The Sympathy of Religions, by George R. Dodson, Ph. D., Boston. The Beacon Press, 1917.

presentation of the world's religions. The evolutionary idea has taken such possession of our thinking that we demand to know what was at the beginning, and the processes by which the higher phases of any religion were reached. The assumption that any religion was at its best in its initial stages is absurd. How did it come into existence, what were the causes leading to its successive stages of evolution, what does it represent at the present time as an interpretation of the universe and of humanity, are questions we are persistently asking, and which this book does little to answer. Truly, we ought to judge every religion at its best, since that is what we ask for our own; but how did it reach its best? And what is it, judging from its evolution, that it will contribute to the ultimate world-religion, the growing inter-religious development of man?

At the very outset Dr. Dodson has made a mistake in assuming that it is impossible to give a general outline that will be interesting and illuminating of the processes by which the most primitive and savage religions were gradually developed into those which are highest. He declares that Herbert Spencer, in the opening volume of his Principles of Sociology, devoted such large space to the origin of religion that he gave it a false meaning. The real defect in Spencer's interpretation of early religion was not that of a false method, but that it was not true. Religion did not begin in ghost worship or fear of spirits, as he assumed, and elaborately tried to prove. His method was absolutely right, his conclusions were wrong. Clodd has shown in two or three widely circulated books that it is possible to give in simple language, and in terms the most untrained minds can comprehend, an outline of the processes by which religion came into existence and has grown to its best through the ages. That is the true method of presentation, and it is the only one which makes it possible to comprehend what is noblest in the world's religions.

This book may be taken as a text for some comments on the developing idea that all religions have the same origin, and are to be regarded with the same interest and appreciation. The claim that any one religion is true and all others false is born of sectarianism and prejudice, and not of fact. All religion is the product of man's life, and especially of his social and collective demands for right relations with the universe and with humanity. It is this recognition of the operation of the collective experiences of mankind which is giving a new meaning to religion, and interpreting from a newer and higher point of view all its phases, whether of primitive races or those which have reached the highest civilization. A great number of recent works have made this clear to all broadly thinking minds. One who reads The Golden Bough of J. G. Frazer, the works of Marett, Hartland, and many others who are studying all phases of religious advancement, will find them presenting the subject universally, not as dogma and not as having a merely sectarian interest. These men treat all religions as affording to mankind one continuous line of genetic evolution, with many varying types and side eddies; but with essential unity and universality. They suggest, if they do not advocate, the growth of a world religion developing out of and beyond all existing beliefs and rituals of mankind.

We are now pleading for an internationalism which will abolish war, and unite all nations and all races for the advancement of those interests which are most human and most universal. It may be suggested that this internationalism cannot be merely economic and political, but must become also ethical and religious. The idea is best expressed by the word ethnic—that which belongs to mankind, without distinctions of nationality and religion. A world religion is undoubtedly growing, a religion really catholic and universal. The study of religion as a world-process, and as the best in all religions, must work together with a genuine internationalism to unify our conceptions of the universe, of human origin and destiny, and of what is most worth while for the advancement of mankind as a whole. While we insist that our nation and our religion are alone of importance to us, we shall remain narrowly sectional and sectarian. If we can see man as man, and desire the good of all races and all orders of men, then we shall be able to comprehend the need for a world faith, a faith that is bigger than any historic religion, truer than any creed of any church, whenever it was written or by whom.

Prophets and founders of religion are many, but religion is one. The teachings of any saint or holy man is individual and sectarian; but the higher faith is of mankind, a growth of the age, the product of collective struggle and triumph. While we set our eyes on any individual prophet, even the very greatest, we shall miss what is most worthy in religion, its unity and its universality, its cosmic proportions, its human and therefore higher eternal meanings.

Wakefield, Mass. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

THE LAST EUCHARIST.

Here, in the No Man's Land and in the dark,
By evil chance hard hit, dying alone,
I lie, and the pain shifts from limb to limb.
Pain o' the body, durable enough; . . .
But now that pain merges itself at last
In one great longing for some human voice
'Mid this inhuman din of warfare loud;
Some human voice, symbol of lasting bond
That joins me close to every human soul,
And drives this loneliness away from me. . . .
Now through the darkness and the pain a Voice—
"Ye are My Body closely joined to Me
And to each other; and in yonder world
Banished be loneliness and dreadful fear
Of solitude. Feed on My presence now."
And at the word I stretch my wounded hand
Unthinkingly, it seems; and there beneath
My fingers feel the three short blades of grass. . . .
May this Thy Body be, and this Thy Blood. . . .
There on my tongue my sacrament lies safe.
So, God, thy presence comes; and, tho I die,
I do not die alone. Rushingly comes
The sound of myriad voices in mine ear
Like falling water; and my place awaits
Me there. So as I chew the blades of grass
I know that all is well, and my small soul
Goes, companied with many greater souls,
To where, as at some heavenly tavern fair,
I greet my friends. . . .
I thank Thee for Thy blades of grass!
My Eucharist to me in loneliness.

—*Harold Hastings.*

From The Literary Digest.

From My Point of View

Lord Kitchener prophesied a three years war, and we have had it. It should be a time of stock-taking in more senses than one. As religious people, or at least people who profess religion, we ought to know where today our main trust lies. In 1914 we were thrown suddenly into dependence upon our war machines for safety from German invasion. We made our appeal to military power to resist military aggression. In the circumstances of that time, coupled with the consideration of our moral and spiritual condition, that step seemed to me to be inevitable. It was not a Christian resort; resort to arms may be argued to be necessary, but it can never be successfully argued to be Christian. You may say, "If that be so, Christianity as a religion is not always equal to the demands of life in such a world as this. Christianity would not help us to save Belgium from Germany." My reply is, that Christianity does not help us to save Belgium from Germany *by force of arms,* because the moment you resort to arms you must adopt methods absolutely contradictory to the whole spirit of Christianity. Christinaity may be a weak thing, a contemptible thing, but whatever you may call it, and however you may denounce it, it is certain that it is never consistent with war. Christians have often been warriors, but in so far forth they were not Christians. What I mean by saying that our participation in the war was inevitable is that we were not morally and spiritually prepared as a nation for taking the true Christian position.

It may be asked: "But is it not Christian to oppose unrighteousness?" The answer is: "Yes, if you oppose it *by righteousness,* but not if you oppose it by doing somthing which is unrighteous itself." And you cannot conduct a war righteously. War in itself is unrighteous. The moment you begin war you begin to kill people who have had no part in the quarrel, to inflict suffering upon the innocent, you resort to all sorts of immoral practices, you proceed to the invention of the most horrible cruelties. If you don't begin them, you imitate them; you curtail freedom, you prevent the expansion of the individual soul; you commit all sorts of wrong the moment you begin a war. When you undertake to prevent unrighteousness you are simply using one devil's weapon to defeat another; which means, of course, that the Devil himself is triumphant whichever side wins. There is no such thing as a just war, however just the cause may be for which you go to war. Any attempt to prove that Christianity and war are compatible is absurd.

Yet I say war was inevitable for us in 1914. I mean that we were not morally and spiritually prepared for anything else. If we had been, as a whole nation, as a whole empire, prepared to say to the world: "Whatever the consequences, we will not fight; even the loss of empire is nothing compared to the loss of our Christianity; if our nation is to go to its Calvary like our Master, so be it; we will in any case not fight." I am not sure what the result would have been.

Some people are quite sure the Germans would have overrun the world. But if so, that would have been perhaps the completest defeat of Germany. If the Germans had overrun the world, they could not have remained Germans; the world would have been too strong for them. The Romans overran the Greek Empire by the force of military arms, but Greek thinking gained the mastery over the Romans; the soul of Greece was triumphant in a far more real sense than Roman arms. No nation could conquer the world's mind and its heart; no nation could mould the world's habits to its own pattern. Conquest of the world is impossible to any one type. When the Roman Empire had overrun the world, it could only hold together by giving the largest possible tolerance to its different nationalities, and to the different types of life within it. The British Empire exists by the same principle. If we attempted to rule Canada we should lose Canada. Australia and New Zealand would not allow us to interfere with their ways of living. We shall not be able to rule Egypt and India very long without giving them self-government. It would have been the same with Germany; the more world they conquered, the less could they Germanize it. Not only so, but empires have sometimes languished at the center through expansion at the circumference. Moreover, who knows what the influence upon all the peoples of the world would have been if a great empire had presented the spectacle of a vast power standing for moral principle and true righteousness rather than plunging into the unrighteousness of fighting? But for us the war was inevitable because our previous living had made us unprepared for any such stand as that. We, perhaps more than any other Power in the world, had created the idolatry of wealth; no nation had done more to infuse the commercial spirit into the world than we, and it is out of the competition of commerce and the lust for wealth and power that all wars arise. We had not morally and spiritually trained ourselves for any such moral demand and spiritual sacrifice as Christianity enjoins. So, I say, war was inevitable once Germany threw down her challenge. We should have felt ourselves cowards if we had stayed out, because we had never learned what Christian courage was.

Now we have had three years of war, what do we think of it? Where do we still put our trust? Does it follow that because we entered the war, because we have carried it on for three years, we are not to think any other thought than the thought of war still? Does it follow that we are not to see any other way out than fighting to a finish? That certainly seems to be the opinion of the people who are in authority in all countries. Have the Christian churches now no voice for anything better? Has the religious public no word to say except for the continuance of the carnage? Can ministers of religion do nothing but follow in the wake of the rulers and the diplomatists? If so, Christianity is still in a parlous condition indeed. If we can put no trust in anything but the war chariots, we ought not to pretend to be religious at all.

Next week I will inquire what trust in God at this juncture would mean.

T. Rhondda Williams.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

AMONG THE UNITARIANS.

Rev. Frank Gilmore, recently of the Unitarian parish in Madison, Wisconsin, is fairly installed in the work as secretary of "The Middle West Conference." A correspondent in the *Unitarian Advance* speaks of him as

> A genial man, with a fund of anecdotes and a sympathetic smile and handshake and heart. And an energetic spirit, too. Already has he traveled the Northern circuit, visiting our faithful Canadian allies, and reopened the headquarters in New York, and inspired the Elizabeth Society at its annual meeting, and preached here and there, and withal given thoughtful counsel.

The meeting of the Illinois Conference held at Sheffield, October 16th and 17th, missed the inspiration of its president, Mr. J. E. Williams, as he had recently been drafted into the high task of Fuel Administrator of the State of Illinois. A fine attendance was reported and the interest in Religion and the World War program was cumulative.

Rev. Walter A. Smith has taken up the work at Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Reverend Frederick M. Eliot of Apostolic Succession has taken up the work of Unity Church in St. Paul, Minnesota. Mr. Eliot is the son and the grandson of Unitarian ministers. William G. Eliot was the pioneer of the Unitarians in the West; his life left a profound mark on the city of St. Louis. His descendents are now holding up the banners of liberal religion in Oregon, Massachusetts and Minnesota.

War as hideous to the moral as to physical feeling not only violates good sense, degrades noble ideas, demands every crime, but . . . develops all the evil instincts, not excepting one.

Henri Barbusse, Le Feu.

THE OPEN FORUM AS A CANADIAN SEES IT.

Free speech is essential in a movement with such a bold slogan as "Let there be light!" It is a good thing for the Open Forum movement that every Forum is free to decide for itself just how boldly it can move towards the light.

This is the fourth Forum season in Canada since the war began. The Forum in Ottawa is called the People's Forum. As much as the people of this community can be interested in it, they run the Forum. The Forum workers realize that in a war like this Armageddon, the get-together principle of the Open Forum is not helped by taking liberties with free speech.

The people behind the People's Forum are not setting out on any crusade to drag other people towards the light, nor to scare them into it with threats of darkness, nor to hack a way through all opposition for the purpose of spreading any superior brand of Forum light. The Forum can do great work by getting people to meet together, not people all of one opinion, but of various groups of opinion, so that tolerance may be developed in the community. Some work, especially in war time!

Free speech through fellowship is the way, however. After the war a new era will begin for the Forum. The men in the trenches are learning more about fellowship than they ever learned in the pre-historic period of so-called peace, industrial life, A. D. 1914.

Charles A. Bowman,
People's Forum, Ottawa, Can.
From "The Community Forum," November, 1917.

When the United States Senate recently voted to tax one-third of the war profits back into the public treasury, and so save $1,280,000,000 of needless expenditure, there were many who made strong and loud protest against such an infringement upon the sacred rights of business. But there is yet to be heard any adequate objection to the action of the Senate in voting to give to a handful of private citizens the remaining two-thirds, or the staggering total of $2,560,000,000, in a time of supreme national need. When so many of our young men are being compelled to give themselves in complete sacrifice to the country, such action can only create a glaring and deadly contrast. It is on such facts as these that revolution feeds. C.

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